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# 4MOST

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VOL.8-No.1

10¢



4MOST'S NEWEST  
STAR...

☆☆☆

**TONI GAYLE**

PLUS

THE CADET  
EDISON BELL  
LEM THE GREM

JACK  
HEARNE





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# 4THOUGHTS AND AFTERTHOUGHTS

## THE EDITORS WRITE:

Dear Readers:

Attention, you readers who have followed Dick Cole's thrilling adventures in 4MOST! You will be glad to know that Dick is now in a book all his own, entitled DICK COLE. There will be at least two complete and exciting stories of Dick's adventures in the new DICK COLE book which will go on sale at the newsstands December 8, 1948. Don't miss it!

In this issue we now give you a newcomer to 4MOST, Toni Gayle, who is not only a beautiful photographer's model, but also a detective. She always seems to get herself into trouble unknowingly, but manages to bring the unjust to justice.

In addition to "Cadet", "Edison Bell", "Lem the Grem" and "Toni Gayle", you will find "Candid Charlie" which combines merriment and action to give you all a laugh. All in all, there are 52 pages of fun and relaxation in 4MOST.

Show your 4MOST to your folks and let them see what a good book you read.

Cordially yours,  
The Editors

## THE READERS WRITE:

Dear Editors:

I like your magazine very much, that is the stories. I would like to congratulate you on the swell characters in it. But after reading the Sept.-Oct. issue I was disappointed. You left out "Candid Charlie", why? He was one of my favorites. If it is not asking too much would you please have him in your next issue. This would make 4MOST really wonderful. All my friends agree that he is a member of 4MOST and should not be left out.

A 4MOST fan,  
Eleanor Ogden  
Pisgan Forest, N. C.

You'll find Candid Charlie in this issue, Eleanor. The reason we leave him out sometimes is that you readers want it that way. From your letters we can tell the demand, and that's why we include "Candid Charlie" in this issue.

Dear Editors:

I not only read and enjoy 4MOST comics but sell magazines in a small country store, and I can truthfully say there's not another of its kind I sell with more assurance that it will give pleasure and a wholesome viewpoint. Congratulations for your fine work. Give us more questions and answers.

Yours truly,  
M. L. Sigler  
Fullerton, La.

Thanks M. L. Sigler for your fine compliment. We are glad that our readers appreciate our work. We'll see about more Q's and A's.

Dear Editors:

I could hardly wait to finish your 4MOST comics for the months July-August, so I could write you this letter telling you how interesting it was. Your cover was wonderful.

After returning from a hard day's work, I looked through a collection of "comics", and your cover attracted my attention. I read this, and its contents were so great that I passed it on to one of my friends. He is reading it now and when he finishes I am sure you will receive a letter from him commending you on your fine work.

"Keep the good work up!"

Sincerely yours,  
Ruth Butler  
Jackson, Miss.

4MOST is ever getting new readers, and we are always glad to hear from them. We are happy that 4MOST made such a hit with you, Ruth.

Dear Editors:

I just read your July-August issue of 4MOST, Volume 7, Number 4. I am sure it has helped me a great deal in drawing horses and sailboats, my favorite sports and models. I think Mr. Cole did an excellent job on the cover.

I think you should have a whole quiz page at the end on the events in the stories to see how well we read them.

People who are interested in plays could get some good basic material from some of your stories, for instance, "Lem the Grem". Sometimes I think you should give us a hint of the story

coming in several months, sort of a summary, and a prize for the child who can draw the best cover.

Faithful to 4MOST,  
Georgia Sommers  
St. Paul, Minn.

Our cover artist, Mr. Leonard Cole, certainly appreciates your compliment, Georgia. He has a great love for animals and an art for drawing them. We will consider your suggestions.

Dear Editors:

I'm a faithful reader of your magazine. I enjoy very much your questions and answers at the bottom of the page. I often ask my family the questions and see if they can give me the answers. We all have pleasure in doing this. We not only have pleasure but we also learn many things we didn't know.

The only person I would like to be fixed is Dan. I like "Lem the Grem" very much.

Yours truly,  
Joan Cilento  
Jersey City, N. J.

We're glad that you enjoy the Questions and Answers at the bottom of the pages and that you see their educational value.

Dan has some funny ways about him, but so many readers like him as he is, that we feel he should remain as he is, Joan.

## BUY BONDS

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO 4MOST COMICS, 119 WEST 19th ST., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.  
\$1.00 will be sent to the writer of each letter published on this page.

Printed in the U.S.A.



# THE CADET

Featuring **KIT CARTER**



SHOOTING STAR!  
THAT MEANS  
GOOD LUCK!

Nina  
Blowright

**W**ILL THIS OBJECT, FLASHING ACROSS THE EVENING SKY, REALLY BRING GOOD LUCK TO KIT AND DAN AND THEIR GIRL FRIENDS, GINNY DAWN AND LULU SCOTT? WELL, MAYBE. MORE LIKELY IT'S A PORTENT OF MYSTERY AND DANGER!

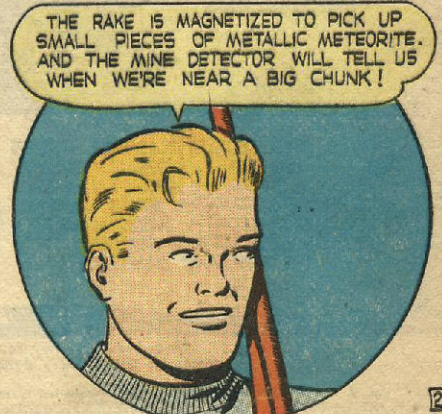
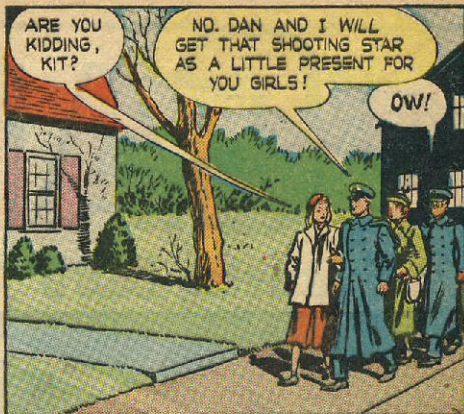
YOU SAID YOU'D DO  
ANYTHING FOR ME,  
DAN! NOW, PROVE  
IT! GET THAT  
SHOOTING STAR!

AW, LULU,  
DON'T BE  
SILLY!

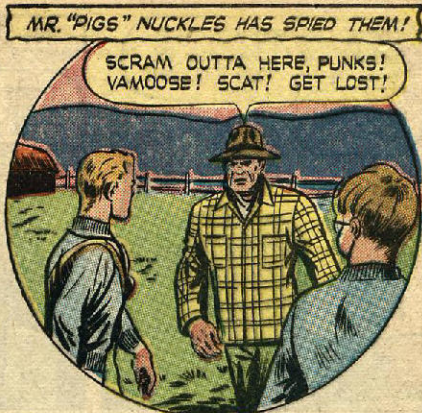
Robert D. Wheeler, Editor and General Manager  
Katharine Urban, Story Editor; Mel Cummin, Art Director

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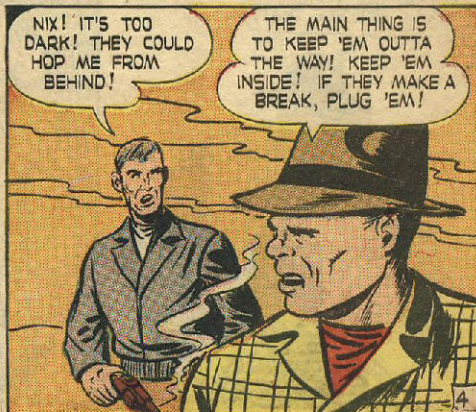
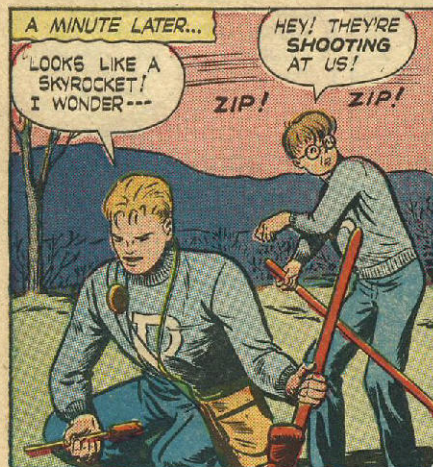
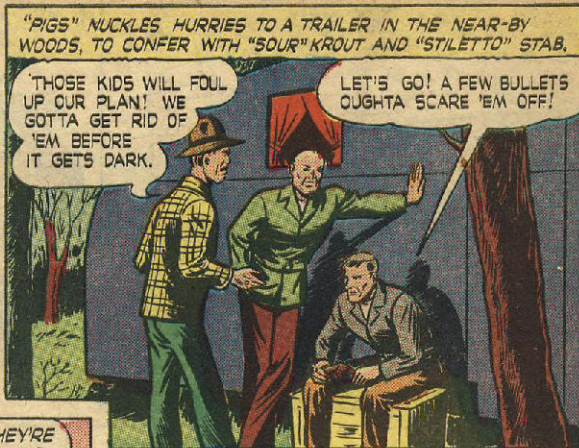






Q 1 Who was the author of "Lost Horizon"? Rhymes with "Milton". Hint above!



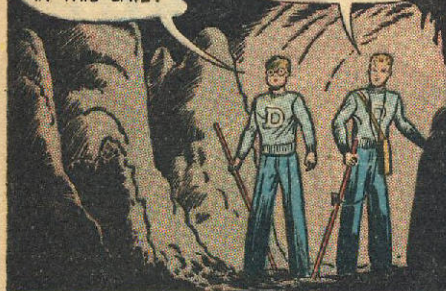




INSIDE THE CAVE...

WHAT GOES ON  
AROUND HERE? AND  
WHY ARE WE TRAPPED  
IN THIS CAVE?

IT'S A MYSTERY TO  
ME, DAN! I'M NOT  
EVEN SURE THAT THE  
METEOR WE SAW  
WAS A METEOR!



EVERYBODY WHO LEAVES GETS  
FRISKED FROM TOP TO TOE.  
NOBODY'S GONNA WALK OFF  
WITH STUFF WHILE  
WE'RE ON GUARD.

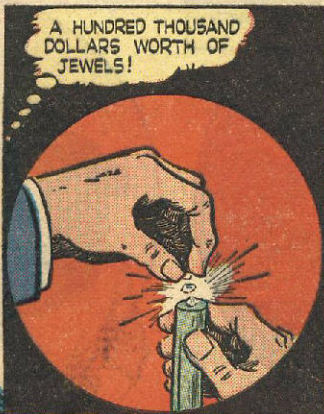
NO, YOU'RE  
VERY  
EFFICIENT!



IT MAY BE IMPOSSIBLE  
TO CARRY ANY LOOT OUT  
OF HERE, BUT IT'S EASY  
TO SHOOT IT OUT!



A HUNDRED THOUSAND  
DOLLARS WORTH OF  
JEWELS!



NOW... INTO THE ROCKET  
GO THE JEWELS!



JUST THEN, AT THE NEAR-BY MANSION OF THE  
LATE MILLIONAIRE J.G. HOLLEY, AS DARKNESS FALLS...

'EVENIN', MR. JIPP. STILL  
BUSY CATALOGING HOLLEY'S  
TRINKETS, EH?

YES. HE LEFT  
SO MANY  
JEWELS AND ART  
TREASURES WE HAVE  
TO WORK NIGHT AND  
DAY TO EVALUATE  
THEM!



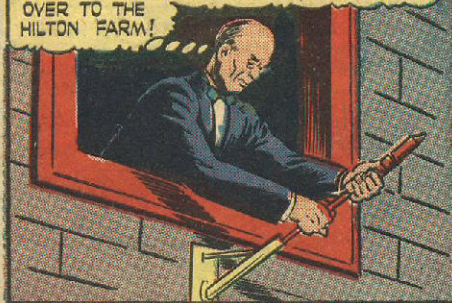
JIPP GOES TO A ROOM ON THE TOP FLOOR.

AH! NO ONE HERE,  
BUT I'LL HAVE TO  
WORK FAST!





THERE. THIS OLD FLAGPOLE FITTING IS AT JUST THE RIGHT ANGLE TO ZIP THE ROCKET OVER TO THE HILTON FARM!



JIPP TOUCHES A MATCH TO THE ROCKET...

THIS KIND OF FIREWORKS REALLY CHEERS ME UP!



A MOMENT LATER...

AH! HERE COMES THE ROCKET! IT LANDED SOMEPLACE IN THAT FIELD!

HSSST! DID YOU SEE THAT, KIT? A METEOR OR A ROCKET OR SOMETHING, AND THIS GUY'S ALL HET UP OVER IT! LET'S RUSH HIM!



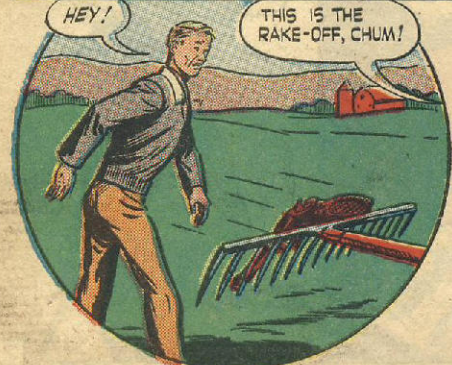
NO. HE'D HEAR OUR STEPS ON THE GRAVEL AND SHOOT US! LET'S TRY THE MAGNETIC RAKE!



KIT DEFTLY PICKS UP THE STEEL GUN WITH THE MAGNETIZED RAKE!

HEY!

THIS IS THE RAKE-OFF, CHUM!

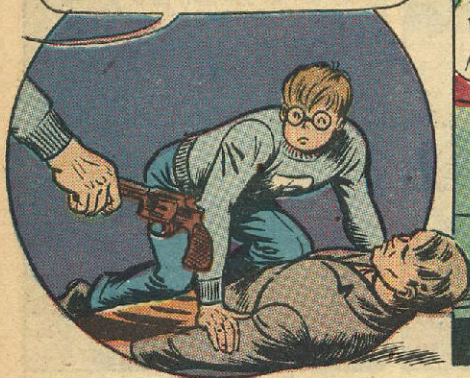


--AND THIS IS THE KNOCK-OFF!





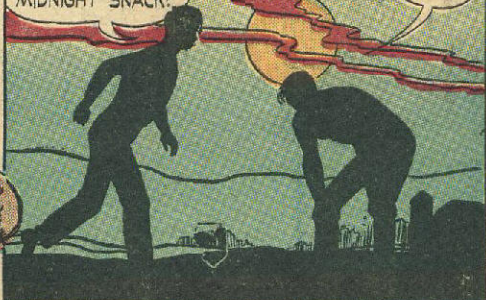
HERE'S THE GUN, DAN. TIE HIM UP WHILE I HUNT FOR THAT METEOR.



KIT HUNTS OVER THE MOONLIT FIELD.

I CANNED "SOUR" KROUT, KIT!  
WHAT NEXT? DO WE TAKE ON "PIGS"  
NUCKLES AS A  
MIDNIGHT SNACK?

AH,  
HERE  
IT IS!



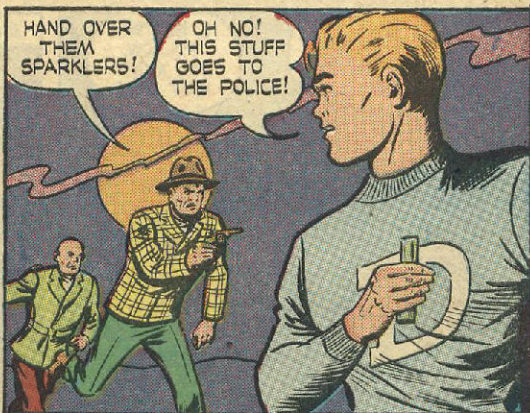
WHEW! THE  
"METEOR" IS  
A ROCKET,  
AND THERE'S  
A TUBE  
FULL OF  
JEWELS  
INSIDE IT!

THE KIDS  
FOUND IT!



HAND OVER  
THEM  
SPARKLERS!

OH NO!  
THIS STUFF  
GOES TO  
THE POLICE!

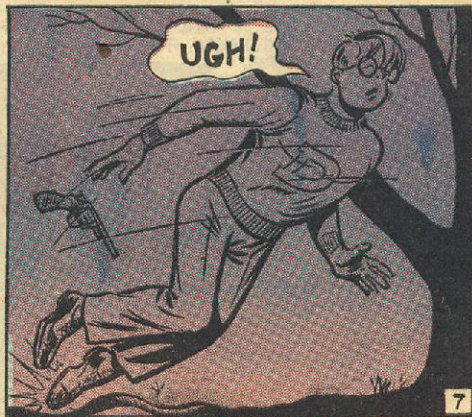


RUN, DAN! WE  
CAN LOSE 'EM IN  
THE WOODS!

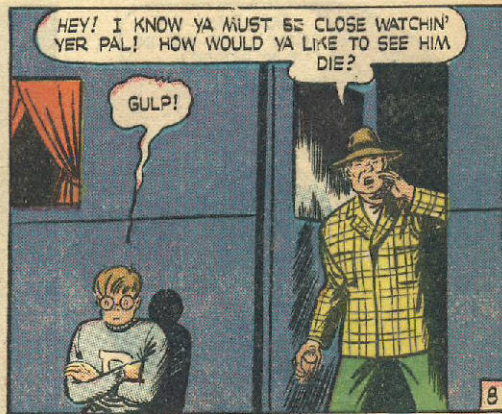
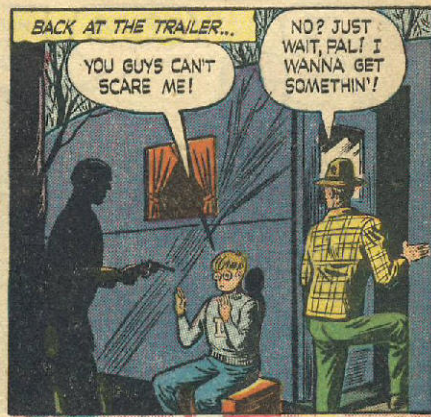
CRACK!  
CRACK!



UGH!

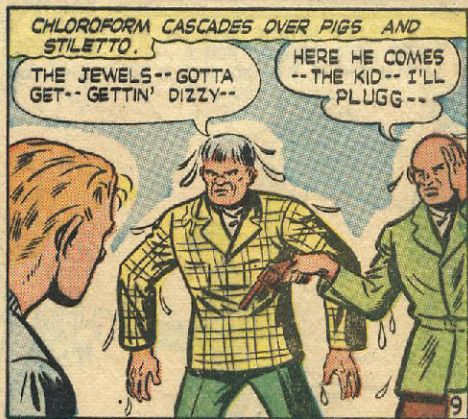
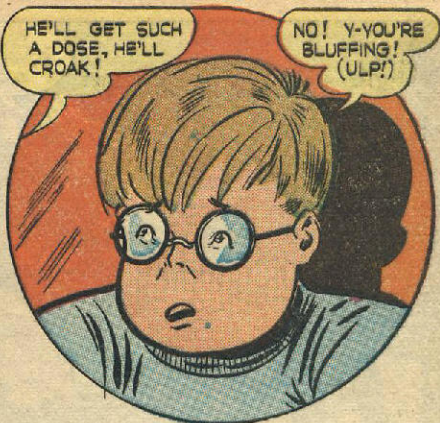
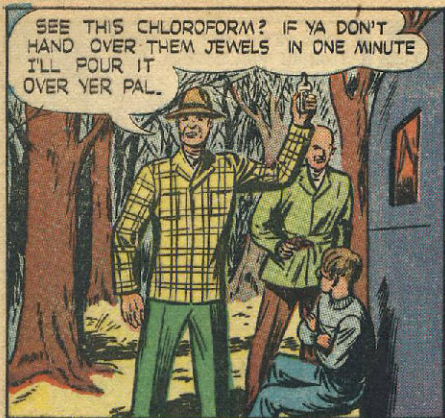






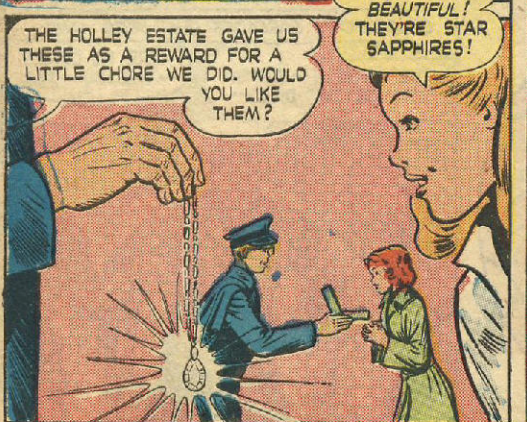
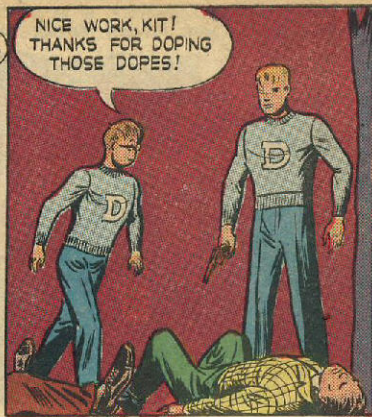
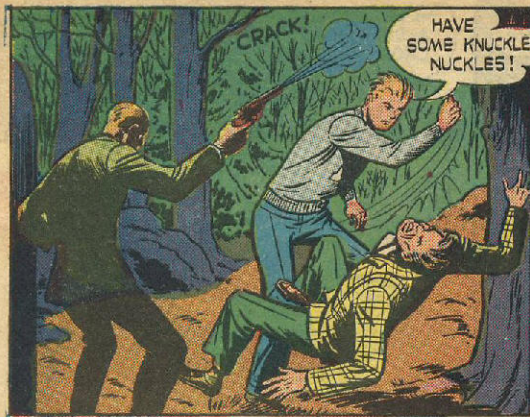
A 3 It is a transient luminous body moving rapidly through the atmosphere.





Q 4 What is the formula for chloroform?





A 4 CHCl3. It is used as an anaesthetic in surgical operations.



A GENUINE SATIN  
HOLLYWOOD

YOUR  
NAME  
FREE!

# Champion JACKET

IN YOUR OWN SCHOOL COLORS!

**SEND NO MONEY!**

Here's a buy, fellows! Just check these features!

1. Your own school, club, or team colors.
2. Val-dyed, water repellent satin.
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5. Sizes 8-16, only \$9.95. Sizes 34-44, \$10.95.

**SEND NO MONEY!**

When jacket arrives, pay postman \$9.95 or \$10.95, plus few cents postage. Or send cash with coupon, and we pay postage.

JACKETS FOR YOUR WHOLE  
TEAM AT SPECIAL RATES



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Hollywood Champions, Dept. FM-1  
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Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ jackets, size \_\_\_\_\_  
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Put the name \_\_\_\_\_ on  
jacket. (Sizes 8-16, \$9.95, sizes 34-44, \$10.95).  
Add 3% sales tax in California.

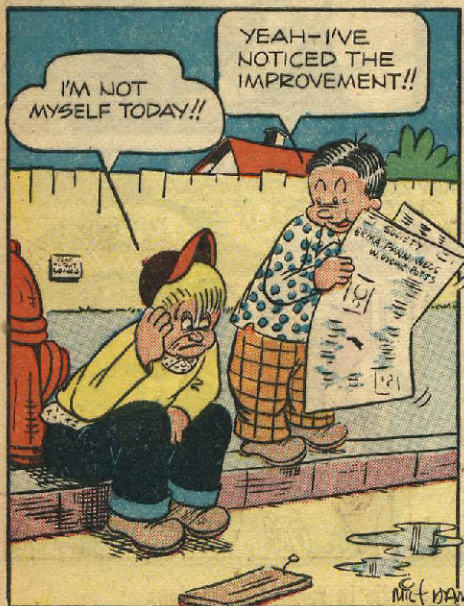
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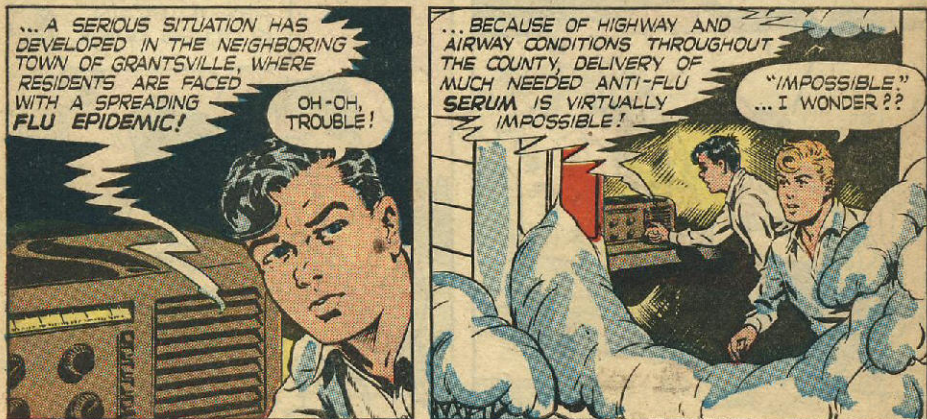
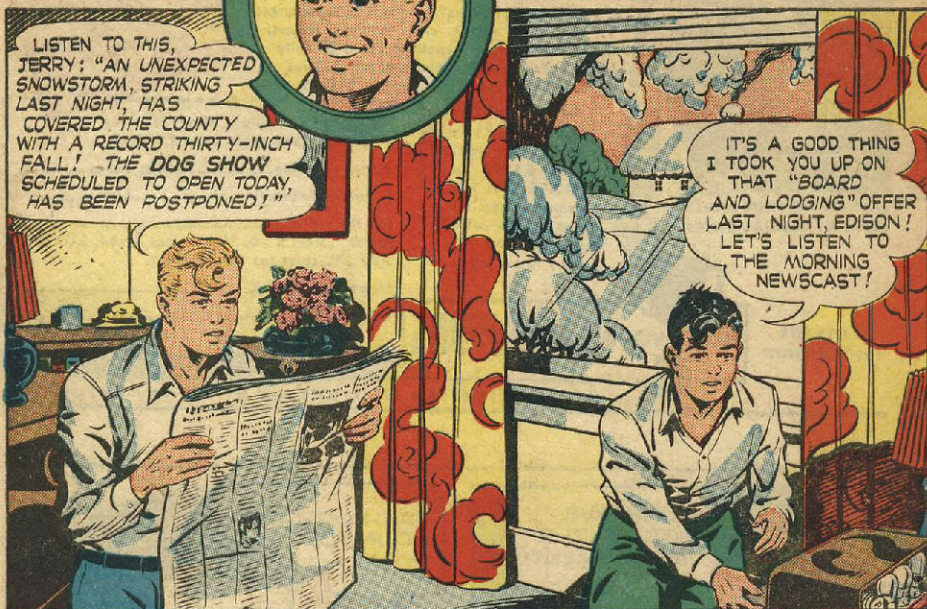
**RUSH COUPON FOR PROMPT DELIVERY!**

**Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded**





# Edison Bell





THROUGH TEN MILES OF  
THIS HEAVY SNOW...  
ARE YOU KIDDING?

THAT TEN-MILE RUN  
WOULD BE A LARK WITH  
THIS ALASKAN **DOG TEAM**...  
IF WE COULD GET  
PERMISSION TO USE IT!

YOU KNOW, JERRY, THERE'S JUST  
A BARE POSSIBILITY WE **COULD**  
PUSH THROUGH TO GRANTSVILLE!

BUT HOW COULD  
WE GET DOWN TO  
THE RAILROAD  
DEPOT IN THE  
FIRST PLACE?

THE SOLUTION  
TO **THAT**  
PROBLEM LIES  
RIGHT IN MY  
CELLAR, CHUM!  
COME  
ON!

REMEMBER  
THOSE  
BARREL-  
STAVE  
SNOWSHOES  
WE WERE  
WORKING ON  
LAST WEEK?

YEAH,  
WE SORT  
OF STOPPED  
IN THE  
MIDDLE OF  
THE  
JOB!

YOU STOPPED, LAZY,  
BUT I FINISHED THEM  
...**BOTH PAIRS!**

WELL,  
WHAT ARE  
WE  
WAITING  
FOR?

ALL  
SET?

RIGHT! I GAVE THE  
HOSPITAL A BUZZ AND  
THEY SAID THEY COULD  
SPARE A QUANTITY OF  
SERUM!



A HALF HOUR LATER...

SO FAR, SO GOOD...  
THERE'S THE DEPOT  
UP AHEAD!

AND NOW  
TO SEE ABOUT  
THE DOG TEAM!



YOU'VE GOT IT ALL WRONG,  
SIR! WE WANT TO BORROW  
THOSE ALASKAN DOGS FOR  
A RUN OVER TO GRANTSVILLE  
WITH SOME FLU SERUM!

WAL,  
I'LL  
BE...



FINE IDEA, FELLER, BUT IT AIN'T  
FOR ME TO SAY! THE OWNER  
FORWARDED THEM ANIMALS HERE  
YESTERDAY! HE'S STRANDED UP  
AT PIKE'S POINT AT THE  
NATIONAL HOTEL!

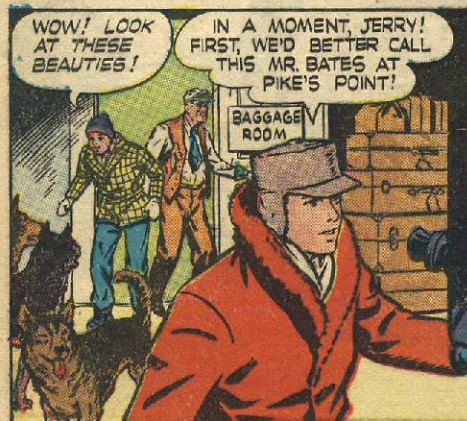
WE CAN  
TRY  
PHONING  
HIM!



WOW! LOOK  
AT THESE  
BEAUTIES!

IN A MOMENT, JERRY!  
FIRST, WE'D BETTER CALL  
THIS MR. BATES AT  
PIKE'S POINT!

BAGGAGE  
ROOM



IN A HOTEL ROOM SEVENTY-FIVE MILES  
AWAY...

YEP, THIS IS BATES! WANT  
TO USE 'EM FOR DELIVERING SERUM,  
EH? WELL, THAT'S OKAY WITH ME,  
SON... ONLY HITCH IS I HAVE  
THE SLED HARNESS  
UP HERE!







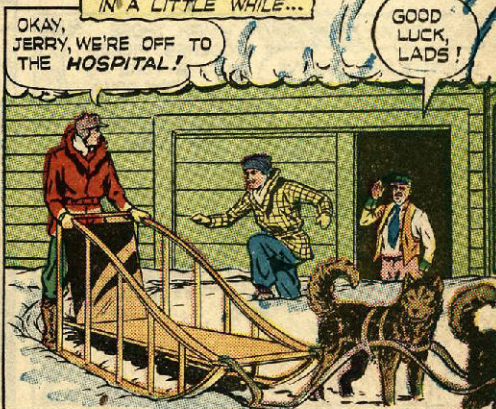
WELL, THAT JUST ABOUT ENDS OUR EXPEDITION, I GUESS!



IN A LITTLE WHILE...

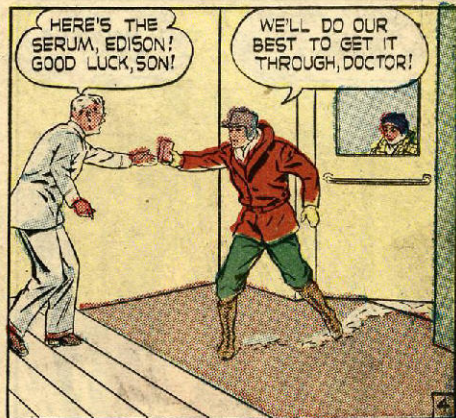
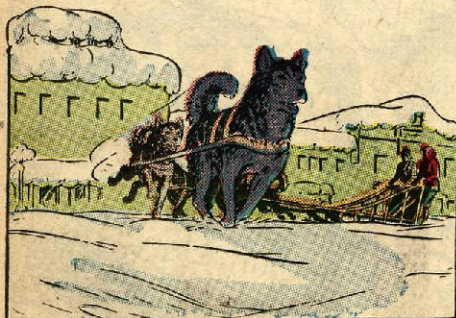


EDISON, YOU'RE AMAZING! NOTHING FAZES YOU!



GOOD LUCK, LADS!

THE ALASKAN HUSKIES MAKE THE DASH TO THE HOSPITAL IN A MATTER OF MINUTES.



WE'LL DO OUR BEST TO GET IT THROUGH, DOCTOR!





OUR BEST BET IS TO CUT WEST ACROSS THE MEADOWS, TO AVOID PASSING THROUGH THE STONE QUARRY!

WE'D BETTER STEP ON IT! THE SNOW'S STARTING TO FALL AGAIN!

MUSH, DOG... MUSH!

EASE OFF ON THE SPEED, JERRY! THIS BLIZZARD'S GOT MY BEARINGS ALL BALLED UP!



**S**UDDENLY...

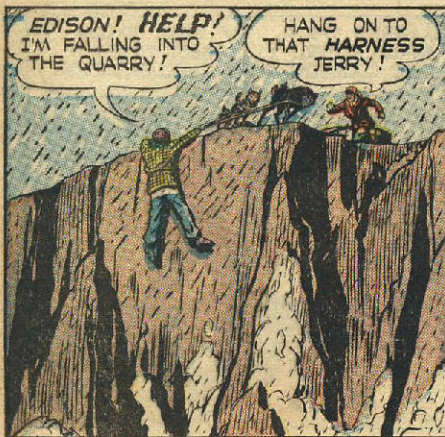
THAT'S FUNNY, THEY'VE STOPPED MOVING ALTOGETHER!

HMPH, THOSE POOCHES PICKED A FINE TIME TO PULL A SIT-DOWN STRIKE! I'LL GO UP AHEAD AND SEE IF I CAN GET THEM GOING!



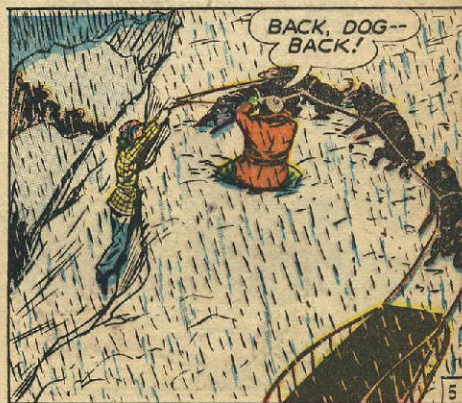
AND THEN...

**CRUNCH**



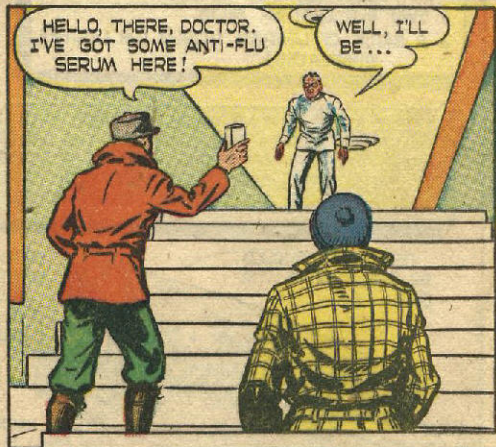
**EDISON! HELP!**  
I'M FALLING INTO THE QUARRY!

HANG ON TO THAT HARNESS JERRY!



BACK, DOG--  
BACK!







MAKE THESE SWELL

# SNOWSHOES

AND BE THE ENVY OF ALL YOUR FRIENDS.

1. **T**HE MATERIALS NEEDED ARE:
- FOUR BARREL STAVES (2½ FT. LONG).
  - ONE SPOOL OF FISH TWINE.
  - TWO 2 BY 7 IN. STRIPS OF FLEXIBLE LEATHER.
  - FOUR 1 BY ¾ IN. PIECES OF FLEXIBLE WOOD, ABOUT 12 INCHES LONG.
  - TWO OLD LEATHER BELTS.
  - A BATCH OF LEATHER THONGS (OR LEATHER SHOELACES).

By  
HARRY  
LAZARUS

2. **T**WO BARREL STAVES ARE USED TO MAKE EACH SHOE... PREPARE AS ILLUSTRATED BELOW...
- 
- DRILL 3/16 IN.  
HOLES 1 IN. APART AT  
PLACES NOTED ON  
EACH STAVE.

NOTE:  
START 1ST  
HOLE 2 IN.  
FROM THE TOP;  
LAST HOLE  
8 IN. FROM  
BOTTOM.

3. **N**EXT STRAP ON TWO PIECES OF WOOD WITH LEATHER THONGS PULLED THROUGH THE DRILLED HOLES. (THE LEATHER THONGS SHOULD BE SOAKED IN WATER FIRST). THEN LACE YOUR FISH TWINE BACK AND FORTH THROUGH THE DRILLED HOLES.

THIS SPACE SHOULD  
BE THE WIDTH OF YOUR  
SHOE.

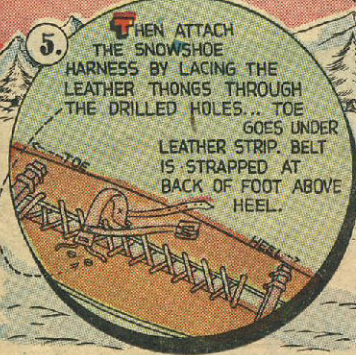
FRONT

SPREAD  
WIDER AT  
TOE  
THAN AT  
HEEL.



4. **T**O MAKE YOUR SNOWSHOE HARNESS, CUT AND PREPARE THE 2 X 7 IN. STRIPS OF LEATHER AS SHOWN. (CUT ONE HARNESS FOR EACH SHOE).



5. **T**HEN ATTACH THE SNOWSHOE HARNESS BY LACING THE LEATHER THONGS THROUGH THE DRILLED HOLES... TOE GOES UNDER LEATHER STRIP. BELT IS STRAPPED AT BACK OF FOOT ABOVE HEEL.
- 
- TOE
- HEEL

6. **A**ND NOW YOUR SNOWSHOES ARE READY FOR USE. NOTE: YOUR HEELS SHOULD ALWAYS SWING FREE FOR PROPER WALKING.

Dick Cole is now in a book of his own entitled "DICK COLE" on sale at the newsstands.



HERE'S HOW TO MAKE YOUR DOG A SWELL

# HARNESS

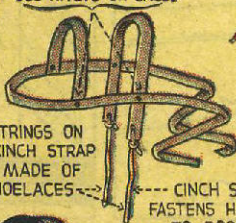
THAT WILL ENABLE HIM TO PULL YOUR SLED OR WAGON WITH EASE.

By  
HARRY  
LAZARUS

**1** WE SHOW HERE THREE DIFFERENT TYPES OF DOG HARNESS. IN EACH TYPE, THE LEATHER USED SHOULD BE SOFT AND PLIABLE, WITH THE DIMENSIONS DETERMINED BY THE SIZE OF YOUR DOG.

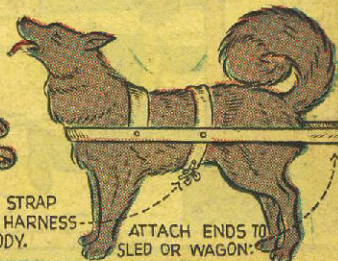
THE MATERIALS REQUIRED FOR EACH TYPE OF HARNESS ARE NOTED IN ITS DESCRIPTION.

USE RIVETS OR LACES



TIE-STRINGS ON END OF CINCH STRAP ARE MADE OF LEATHER SHOELACES

CINCH STRAP FASTENS HARNESS TO BODY.



ATTACH ENDS TO SLED OR WAGON.



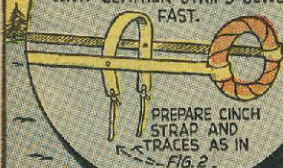
**3** THE "POINT BARROW HARNESS": THIS IS MERELY A WIDE STRIP OF RAW-HIDE (LEATHER) WITH THREE SLITS CUT SIDE BY SIDE. THE DOG'S HEAD IS PASSED THROUGH THE CENTER SLIT, AND THE FORE-LEGS THROUGH THE SIDE SLITS.

CUT HOLE HERE FOR ROPE



A LEATHER THONG OR STOUT ROPE IS TIED THROUGH A HOLE AND THEN TO SLED OR WAGON.

**4** THE OJIBWAY (SEE FIG. 5) COLLAR SHOULD BE MADE OF A ROLL OF COTTON COVERED WITH LEATHER STRIPS SEWED FAST.



PREPARE CINCH STRAP AND TRACES AS IN FIG. 2.

**5** THE "OJIBWAY HARNESS": THIS SIMPLE HARNESS CONSISTS OF A WIDE SOFT COLLAR THAT FITS OVER THE DOG'S NECK AND RESTS UPON HIS SHOULDERS. THE TRACES ARE ATTACHED TO THE COLLAR. A SIMPLE CINCH IS FITTED AROUND DOG'S MIDDLE. (SEE FIG. 4)





# HEATHCLIFF THE HOBO

BY ART HELFANT

THAT'S  
ME,  
KIDDIES

JOIN THE  
NAVY  
AND SEE  
THE  
WORLD.



IN THE  
NAVY  
I'D SEE  
THE  
WORLD.

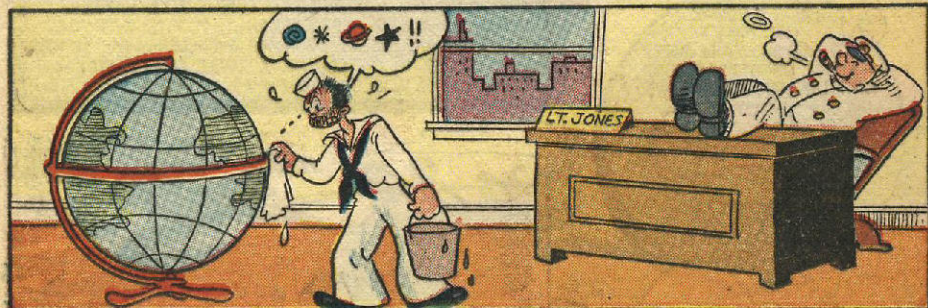
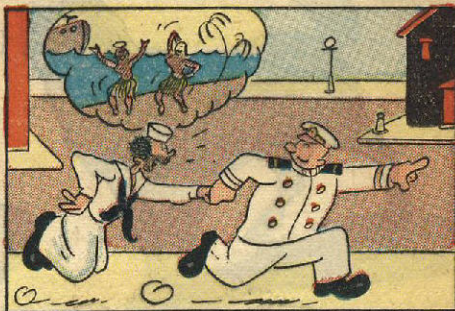


ONE HOUR LATER.

JOIN THE  
NAVY  
AND SEE  
THE  
WORLD.



JOIN THE  
NAVY  
AND SEE  
THE  
WORLD.





WHY D'YA SAY  
THAT HAVING  
POISON IVY 'N'  
HAVING HIVES  
ARE A LOT  
ALIKE??

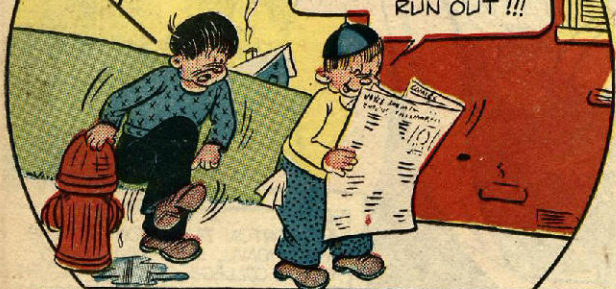
WELL-IN BOTH CASES  
YOU START FROM  
SCRATCH!!!



MICK DRAHMER

GEE, I HAVE SOME  
WATER IN MY  
SHOE!!

WELL, WHY DON'T YOU  
CUT A HOLE IN THE  
BOTTOM 'N' LET IT  
RUN OUT!!!

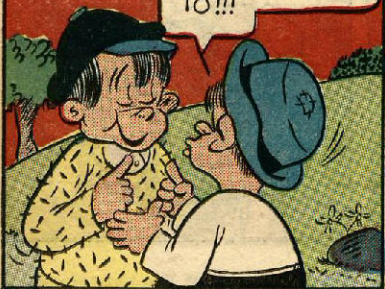


SINGERS RUN  
IN MY FAMILY!!!

YEAH, IF THEY  
ALL SING LIKE  
YOU, THEY'D HAVE  
TO!!!

AN ENTOMOLOGIST IS  
A BUG COLLECTOR-  
HOW CAN YOUR  
DOG BE  
ONE??

VERY EASY,  
CHUM!!!



## ABRAHAM LINCOLN

16 years ago San Marino issued a very large sized commemorative stamp honoring Abraham Lincoln, greatest friend of this old and tiny land. It was the first foreign stamp to honor our great president, and available supplies were soon exhausted by Lincoln collectors throughout the world. Recently a small package of these stamps was discovered in a bombed-out San Marino post office. While they last, we'll send one old San Marino Lincoln stamp (catalog value 25c), together with a packet of 100 different guaranteed genuine postage stamps of the world all for only 10c to approval applicants.

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If you're a "wolf", you'll want to wear this unusual, emblematic ring. Handsomely formed from solid Sterling Silver. Gift! Give this ring to the wolves you know!

SEND NO MONEY! Just clip and mail with name, address, ring size and style. Pay postman only \$2.98 plus few cents postage on arrival. Or send cash and we mail postpaid. Wear for 5 days. If not delighted, return for refund.

WESTERN CRAFTSMEN • Dept. 4506 Omaha 2, Nebraska

**\$2.98**  
POST  
PAID  
(13c paid)



# Toni GAYLE



**T**Y BENTON TAKES TONI TO THE TRADITIONAL DALE UNIVERSITY-MEALY COLLEGE GRIDIRON CLASH...

REALLY, TY, THINK OF ALL THE POOR MOTHS YOU MADE DRAGGING OUT THAT SILLY OLD SWEATER!

SILLY, MY EYE! I USED TO BE A LETTER-MAN AT DALE! WHY NOT SHOW IT?





WHY BRAG ABOUT A LETTER? BET I COULD HAVE WON ONE MYSELF!

HUH! LISTEN TO THE WOMAN!

I WORKED MY FOOL HEAD OFF TO GET MY "D"--TOOK ME TWO YEARS! YOU COULDN'T GET ONE IN TWO CENTURIES!

CALM DOWN, D-MAN! THE GAME'S ABOUT TO START!

LOOKS LIKE A BLACK DAY FOR COACH BULDOZE AND HIS MEALY SQUAD. DALE'S POWERHOUSE IS UNDEFEATED, AND MEALY HAS LOST SEVEN GAMES IN A ROW! WELL, GET SET, FOLKS! DALE IS KICKING OFF!

JONES TAKES THE BALL, BUT HE'S ABOUT TO BE SMEARED -- HOLD ON, FOLKS! SOMETHING AMAZING IS HAPPENING! JUST WHEN DALE MEN WERE ABOUT TO TACKLE JONES, THEY FROZE IN POSITION LIKE STATUES!

GOSH, I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO 'EM, BUT HERE'S MY CHANCE!

THE DALE BOYS ARE IN MOTION AGAIN, BUT IT'S TOO LATE! JONES SCORES FOR MEALY!

UGH! IT CAN'T BE! THEY FELL ASLEEP IN THE MIDDLE OF A PLAY!

DON'T WORRY, TY. IT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN!

THE YEAR'S BIGGEST UPSET IS IN THE MAKING! DALE KEEPS FREEZING UP AT CRUCIAL SPORTS! HERE COMES A DALE PASS!

I CAN'T BEAR TO LOOK!

QUEER, IT SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE, BUT DALE PLAYS STATUES EVERY TIME THAT GUY WITH THE MEGAPHONE YELLS!

CORNED BEEF HASH



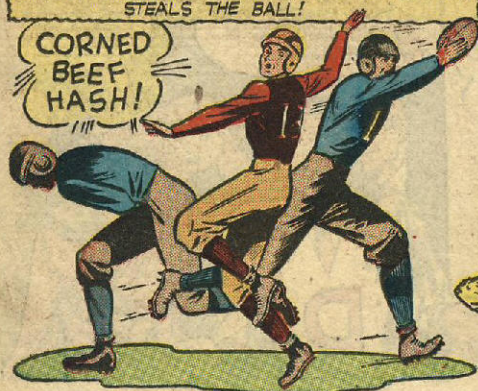
OOPS! AGAIN DALE FREEZES! A MEALY MAN STEALS THE BALL!

HE ROMPS OVER FOR ANOTHER T.D. MEALY LEADS 20-0 AS THE HALF ENDS!

CORNE  
BEEF  
HASH!

OW! WHAT A NIGHTMARE!

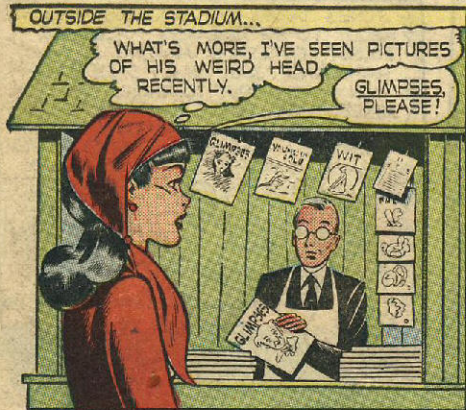
TY IS TOO SHATTERED TO HELP ME CHECK MY HUNCH, CRAZY AS IT SEEMS, I'M SURE THAT HASH-CALLER IS QUARTER-BACKING THIS UPSET!



OUTSIDE THE STADIUM...

WHAT'S MORE, I'VE SEEN PICTURES OF HIS WEIRD HEAD RECENTLY.

GLIMPSES, PLEASE!



AH! HERE HE IS!

BUY  
BONDS

PROFESSOR SCORPIO DEMONSTRATES HYPNOTIC POWERS ON DALE FOOT-



I GET IT! SCORPIO IS STILL GIVING THE TEAM HYPNOTIC COMMANDS!



AHA! AND THERE HE IS NOW!

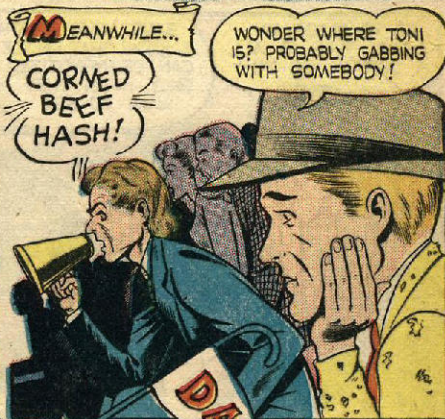
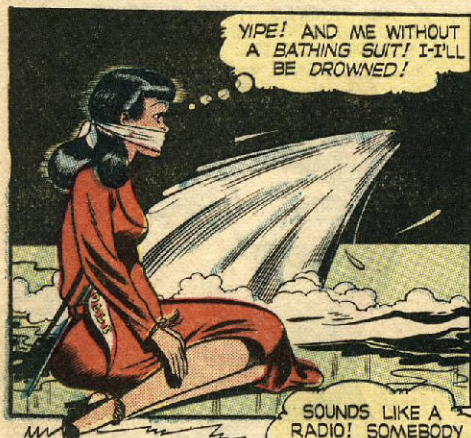
NO MUSTARD! MAKES ME DEATHLY ILL!











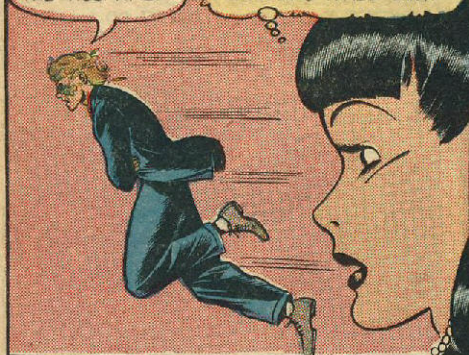






OOOH! OOOH!  
TAKE ME TO  
THE HOSPITAL!

I GUESS I SETTLED HIS  
HASH! NOW TO FIND THE  
MAN WHO HIRED HIM!



TONI! DALE  
FINALLY SCORED!

C'MON! THEY'LL  
SCORE A LOT  
MORE WHEN I TELL  
'EM WHAT GOES!



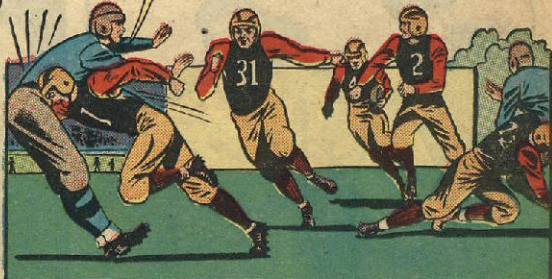
TONI TELLS THE STORY.

SO THAT'S IT!  
LET'S GO, GANG!  
WE CAN STILL  
PULL THIS GAME  
OUT OF THE FIRE!

GO TO IT! TY  
AND I'LL NAB  
THE WORM  
BEHIND ALL  
THIS TROUBLE,  
I HOPE!



PLAY US FOR SUCKERS,  
EH? WE'LL SHOW 'EM!



DALE HAS SNAPPED OUT  
OF IT! THEY'RE RUNNING WILD!  
THEY'RE FURIOUS! AND NOW  
THEY SCORE AGAIN!



YEOW! ONE MORE TOUCH-  
DOWN AND WE WIN! WHY  
DRAG ME OVER TO THE  
MEALY BENCH AT A TIME  
LIKE THIS!

CORNE  
BEEF HASH!

JUST  
ANOTHER HUNCH,  
AND IT'S  
PAYING OFF!

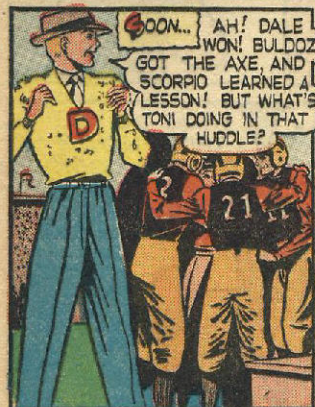
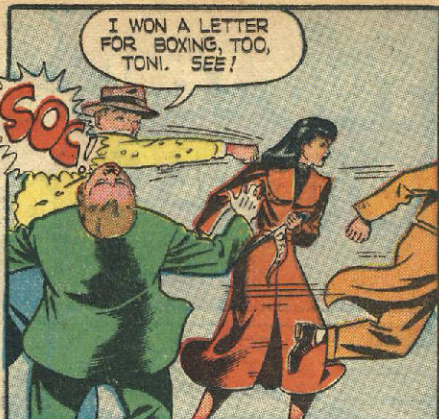


CORNE  
BEEF HA-  
UGH!

OH, NO, COACH  
BULDOZE, YOU  
WON'T BREAK UP  
THIS PLAY!









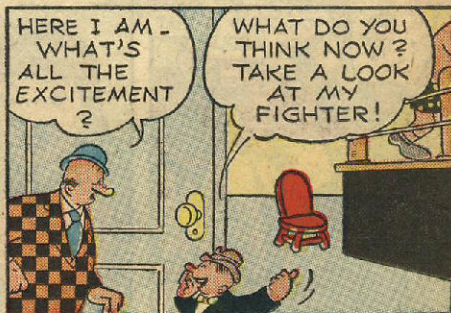
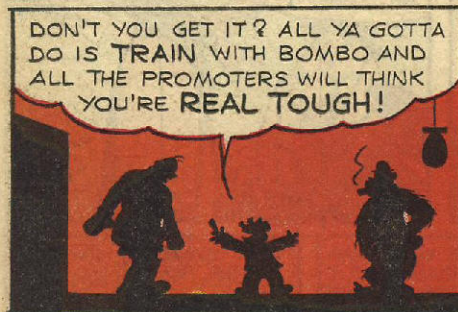
# TWO-TON O'TOOLE

BY  
ART HELFANT,

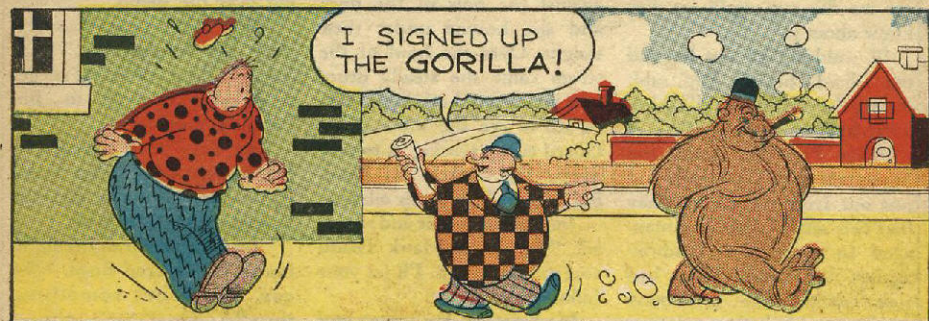
AW, IT'S NO USE... I'LL NEVER  
GET A FIGHT WID TH' CHAMP!

TH' PROMOTER  
DOESN'T THINK  
I'M GOOD  
ENOUGH!

HAW!  
DON'T WORRY  
TWO-TON -  
WAIT 'TIL  
YOU SEE  
MY IDEA!









# THE MESSAGE..

A STIFF MAINE breeze was kicking up the bay when Sammy Tuttle and Roge Jackson reached the Sayville dock that afternoon after school. A dory powered by an outboard was churning in from Hawk Island and the boys knew it was Pop Adams, the lighthouse keeper.

Pop was a special friend of theirs and often gave them tips on how to set their lobster traps. The boys were saving their money for a power boat.

"How ya, boys," Pop called, as he cut the outboard and tied in at the dock. "Did you hear the news?"

"What news?" both Sammy and Roge asked at once.

"Two convicts broke out of the penitentiary up the coast this morning. Just got it on my radio at the lighthouse. They stole a green and white tug and are thought to be headin' down the coast. I want to get hold of Jim Barker and let him know about it, just in case."

Jim Barker was chief guard at the Sayville Coastal Station.

"We're going out to tend our traps," Sammy said. "If we see the tug, we'll let Jim know about it."

"I wouldn't go out beyond the island, boys," Pop said, eyeing the choppy sea. "I think we're in for a real blow."

After Pop had gone, the boys made their dory ready and put out from the dock. They had two sets of oars and managed to make fair headway against the wind. They had just reached the red buoy markers on their first string of traps, when they saw Pop

Adams heading back across the bay toward Hawk Island. He waved to them.

They took three lobsters in the first string of traps.

"Not bad, hey Roge?" Sammy chuckled, holding up the largest. "I think we'll go better than two-fifty today."

"An' we still have another string to look at," Roge said. Storm clouds were gathering in the east. Overhead, the gulls were crying softly, circling nearer the bay for shelter. "You think we'd better go out any further?" Roge asked.

"Those gulls are talking storm all right," Sammy said. "But let's take a chance. Even if the storm does break, we don't have too far to go."

The storm broke before they reached the traps. They could see it coming before it struck them. A long sheet of slanting rain, driven furiously before the shrieking wind, was sweeping in from the sea.

"We're in for it now, Roge," Sammy said hoarsely, laying hard on his oars. "We're going to get it good."

The huge waves cracked against the bow of the dory and she heaved under their weight. Over the howl of the storm came the steady drum of a motor and both boys looked up to see the white Coast Guard cutter putting in toward them. Jim Barker was standing at the wheel in his oilskins.

Jim cut the motor and shouted, "Put in at Hawk Island and stay with Pop. I'll let your folks know."

He throttled the motor and the cutter sped past them, to-

ward the Sayville dock.

Pulling hard, the boys reached Hawk Island in a matter of minutes. Above them rose the lighthouse tower. It was getting dark and the floodlight was swinging out over the water.

On one side of the tower shone a bright red light. Pop had put this up a short while before when the boys were visiting him on the island.

Pop liked to tinker around with electricity.

The boys tied up their dory and hurried down the path that followed the rocky shore line around the island. Their minds were filled with thoughts of the hot coffee and doughnuts they knew Pop would have ready for them. It was then that they saw it.

The green and white tug!

In a little cove, moored out of sight of anyone passing by, she was riding out the storm.

"THE CONVICTS!" both boys exclaimed at once.

Wet and shivering, they looked at each other in shocked silence. The full fury of the storm had struck now, and mountainous waves were breaking over the island.

"We could never put the dory out in that sea," said Sammy. "But we've got to get a message through to Jim Barker somehow."

The boys were scared, but the thought of old Pop in the lighthouse with the convicts lessened their own fears.

"Let's sneak up to the lighthouse," whispered Roge. "We can figure out something then."

They could see the light



shining through the window at the bottom of the lighthouse tower. Inside was the nice large room where Pop lived with his many treasures of the sea.

Coming near, they fell on their stomachs and wormed their way along the wet ground to the lower window.

"Help me up," whispered Sammy. The window was a little too high for him. "Brace yourself against the wall."

Sammy inched his face up to the lower corner of the window and what he saw inside made him almost cry out with terror.

Pop, his head sagging on his chest, was tied up in the corner near his old rocking chair. The ends of grey hair that fell over his forehead were red with blood from an ugly gash, and his face was strangely white. A short, black-bearded man was bending over him, holding a large automatic. There was no one else in the room.

Sammy signaled to Roge to lower him.

"They got Pop," he sobbed. "They got him, Roge. I think he's dead."

The boys gripped each other in fear.

"There's only *one* convict in there," Sammy said, when he could speak again. "Poor Pop must have heard wrong over the radio."

"What'll we do?" cried Roge.

Sammy had thoughts of rushing in and clubbing the short, bearded one with anything he could lay his hands on. But reason checked him. Against that automatic, it would be useless.

"We'll just have to put out with the dory," Sammy said. "We can't let Pop down . . .

if he's still alive."

They fell on their stomachs and started to crawl to the nearest fringe of trees.

Suddenly, over the sound of the falling rain, they heard heavy footsteps on the hard path leading to the lighthouse. It was the second convict. He was shorter and heavier than the first.

Just then, the light from the tower swung around and a leak from the bottom exposed them to view. They heard the man curse as he caught sight of them.

"What the . . . devil?" he cried, and there was a gun in his hand. "C'mon . . . c'mon . . . get up!"

He collared the two of them and dragged them to the tower room.

"Hey, Vickers," he cried to the convict inside with Pop, "look what I found outside."

The man called Vickers looked them over and an ugly grin spread across his broad face.

"A couple of hayseeds, eh?" he said. "Well, tie them up and throw them in the corner."

With their hands tied stoutly behind their backs, the boys were thrown roughly into the corner. Across the room near the rocker, Pop stirred a little and mumbled. Vickers beckoned toward him.

"You almost croaked him," he said to the other convict.

"So what? We'll be out of here in the morning. No one'll be around here tonight as long as we keep the light working."

The ropes were cutting into Sammy's wrists and he bit his lips at the pain. It was then that his hands came in contact with something round and hard at the end of a cord. It was the

wire that ran up to Pop's red light on the tower.

An idea flashed through Sammy's mind. He watched the convicts carefully as he carried out his plan. Outside, the storm had abated.

An hour later, the door crashed opened. Jim Barker and two of his men had the convicts covered before they quite knew what had happened.

"Nice goin', Sammy," Jim Barker grinned, untying him. "I got your message perfectly."

"What message?" Vickers growled. "The kid didn't send any message."

"No?" said Jim, turning on him. "That's what you think! Sammy moved that plug in the outlet in and out while you two lugs were sitting right there and watching him. The red light on the tower blinked out an S-O-S in Morse code that was picked up by everyone in Sayville."

Jim's two men took the convicts off while Sammy and Roge helped get Pop into bed. They put cold towels on his face to bring him to.

"You can't kill an old sea dog like him," Jim laughed when Pop came around. "Oh, incidentally, you kids, there's a 500-dollar reward on those two lugs. What are you guys going to do with all that money?"

Pop was smiling up at them and right then and there Sammy and Roge had visions of that power boat. The whole summer lay ahead of them. To think of a power boat all their own!

"Gee, whiz!" was all they could say.

THE END



# CANDID CHARLIE

BOB Q. SIEGE



LENSVILLE  
HIGH  
SCHOOL

**DR.  
XAVIER  
CHIMP**  
ICHTHYOLOGIST,  
WILL  
LECTURE  
ON HIS EXHIBIT  
OF RARE AND  
EXOTIC FISH!  
EVERYONE  
IS WELCOME!

DIS IS DA LAST  
TANK, DR. CHIMP!

VERY WELL,  
GENTLEMEN,  
KNOCK OFF  
FOR AWHILE!

THIS ALL LOOKS  
KINDA FISHY TO ME!  
—SOME JOKE, EH,  
CHARLIE?



SUDDENLY CHARLIE SEES  
SOMETHING SURPRISEING...

GOLLY!  
MERKIN  
MEANT  
THAT AS  
A SAG,  
BUT IT  
MIGHT  
BE  
TRUE!

A COUPLE OF THOSE BIG FINS  
DROPPED OFF ONE OF THE FISH--  
AND NOW IT LOOKS LIKE AN  
ORDINARY TROUT.

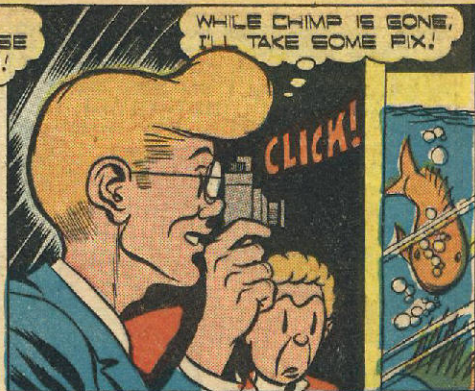




WE CAN FINISH UP LATER WHEN THE KIDS ARE GONE!

HMM...SOMETHING'S PHONY ABOUT THESE RARE, EXOTIC FISH!

WHILE CHIMP IS GONE, I'LL TAKE SOME PIX!



LATER, WHEN THE SCHOOL IS EMPTY, CHIMP RETURNS...

DUMP THEM IN THE CREEK, BOYS.

SEE, BOSS, YOUR IDEA OF STICKING ON FAKE FINS WIT' WATERPROOF GLUE WAS A RIP!

YEAH, IMAGINE DISGUISIN' ORDINARY TROUT TO LOOK LIKE RARE SPECIMENS!

NOW I GO INTO THE NEXT ACT!

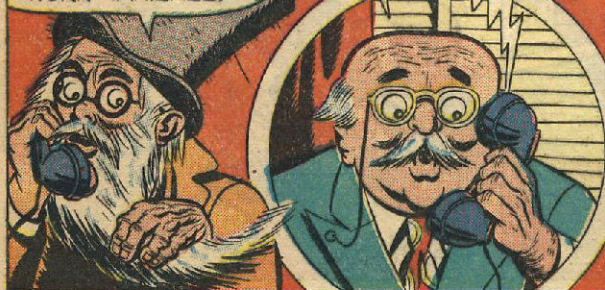


SOON DR. CHIMP CALLS LENEVILLE HIGH'S NEW PRINCIPAL...

WHY DIDN'T THE SCHOOL PROTECT THEM? I DEMAND TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS COMPENSATION!

MY FISH HAVE BEEN STOLEN FROM YOUR SCHOOL, PRINCIPAL! MY LIFE'S WORK VANISHED!

UHP!



I'LL HAVE TO CALL A BOARD MEETING... \$10,000...MAYBE I'LL BE FIRED...DEAR, OH DEAR!





NEWS TRAVELS FAST IN LENSVILLE, AND SO DOES MERKIN.

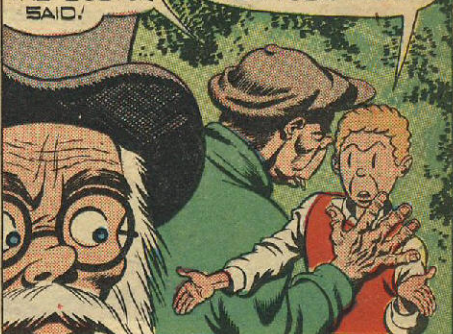
HI, DR. CHIMP! YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT DESCRIBING YOUR MISSING FISH!

I'M NOT WORRYING, MY BOY. DON'T BOTHER ME, I'M VERY BUSY!



SCRAM! YOU HEARD WHAT THE DOCTOR SAID!

BUT MY PAL CHARLIE TOOK SNAPSHOTS OF ALL YOUR FISH!



WHAT'S THAT?

YIPE! IF ANY EXPERT SEES SNAPSHOTS OF THOSE DRESSED-UP FISH, THEY'LL BE EXPOSED AS PHONY... AND SO WILL I!

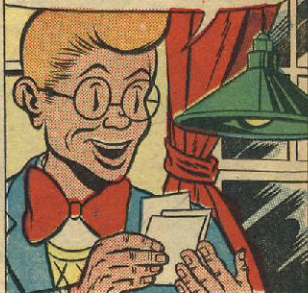
TAKE US TO YOUR FRIEND, QUICKLY!

SURE!



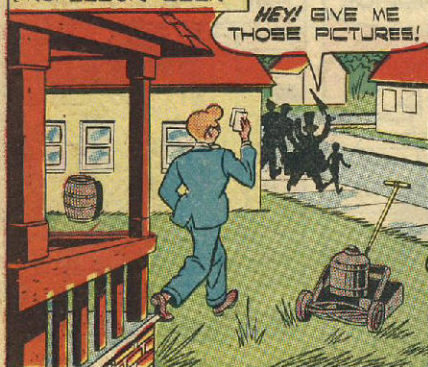
MEANWHILE, CHARLIE HAS DEVELOPED THE FILM...

PROFESSOR BECK OUGHT TO SEE THESE!



AS CHARLIE LEAVES TO CALL ON PROFESSOR BECK--

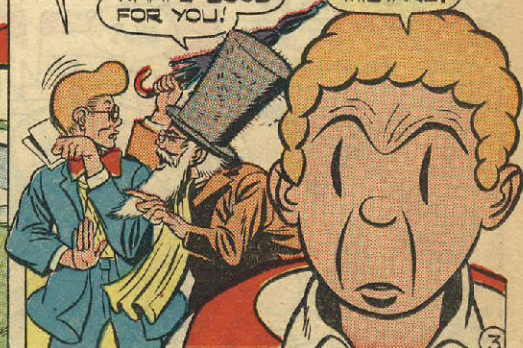
HEY! GIVE ME THOSE PICTURES!



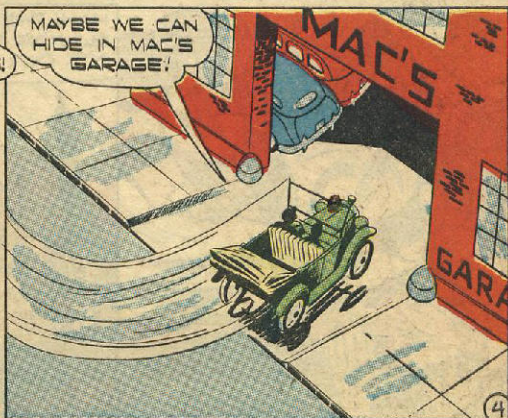
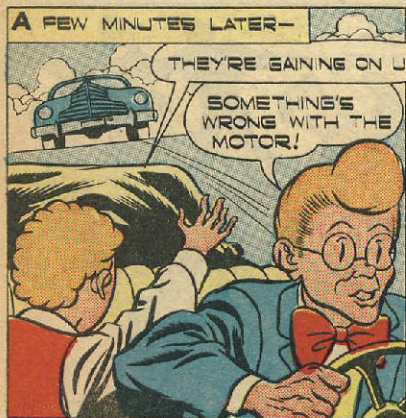
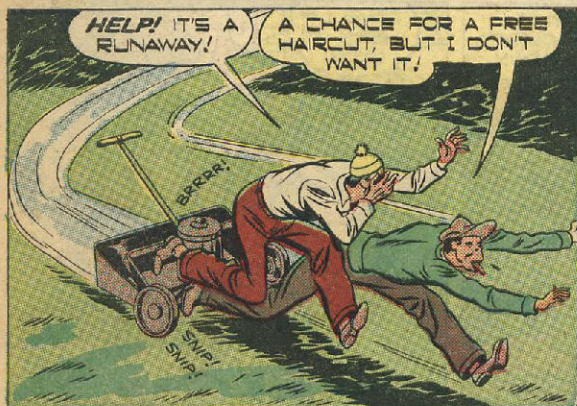
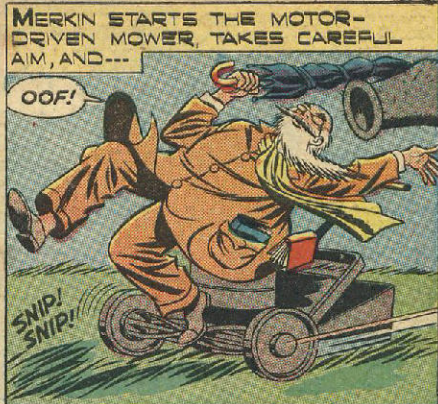
NO!

YOU'D BETTER, MY LAD, IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU!

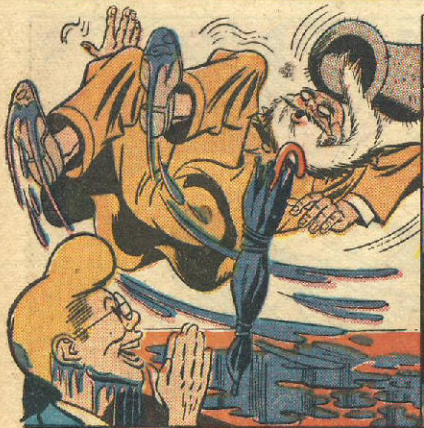
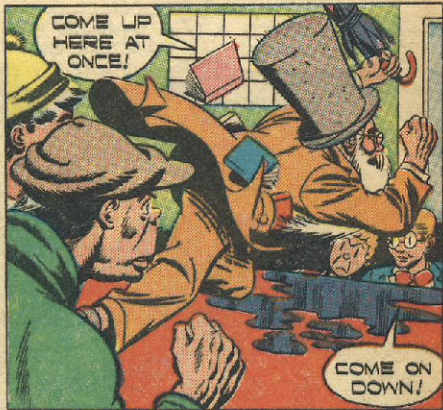
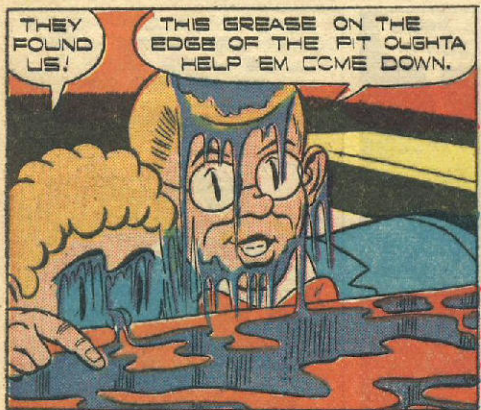
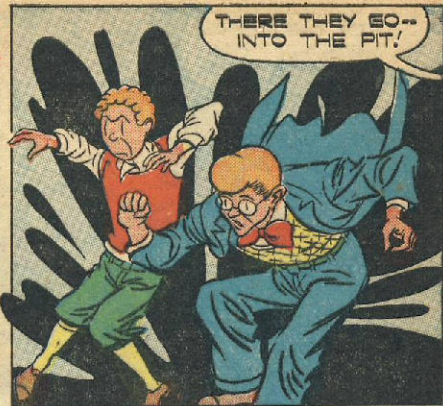
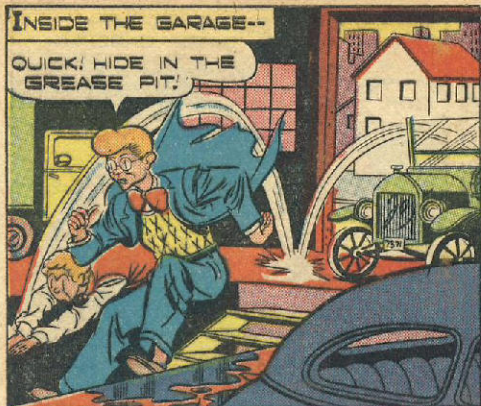
ULP! I THINK I MADE A MISTAKE!













WELL-GREASED, THE BOYS ARE HARD TO HOLD!

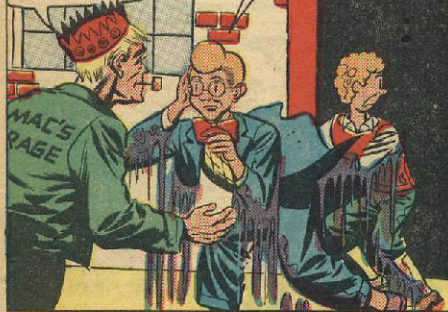
HEY! HOLD STILL!

SWISH

WHOOSH!

WHAT'S THE IDEA, CHARLIE? TRYIN' TO RUIN MY GARAGE?

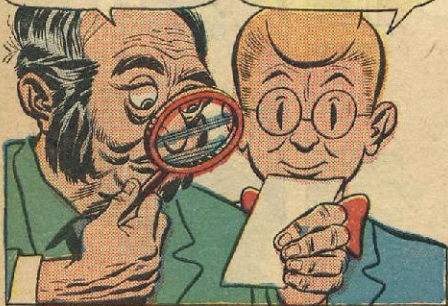
SORRY, MAC!



LATER...

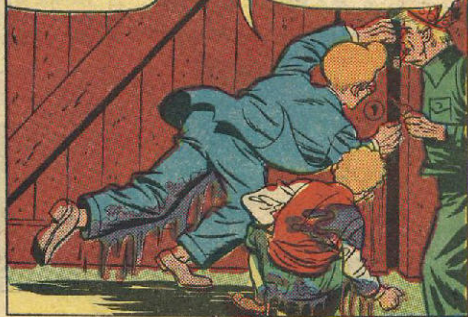
NO SUCH FISH EVER EXISTED. THEY'RE OBVIOUS FAKES!

IN THAT CASE, CHIMP AND HIS CHUMS WILL STAY IN JAIL FOR QUITE A WHILE!



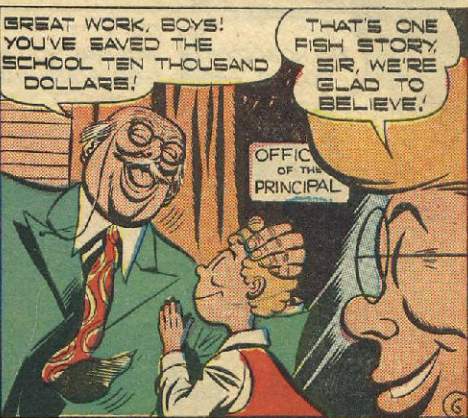
LOCK THE DOOR, MAC! WE'VE GOT THREE SWINDLERS TRAPPED IN THERE!

WELL, OKAY, BUT THIS BETTER NOT BE ANY HIGH SCHOOL FRANK!



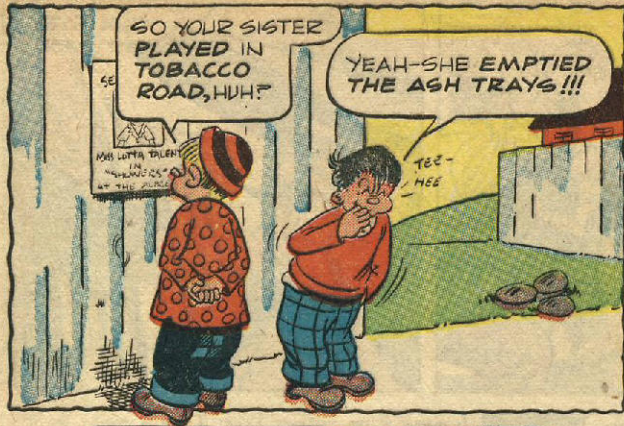
GREAT WORK, BOYS! YOU'VE SAVED THE SCHOOL TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS!

THAT'S ONE FISH STORY, SIR, WE'RE GLAD TO BELIEVE!



Dick Cole is now in a book of his own entitled "DICK COLE" on sale at the newsstands.





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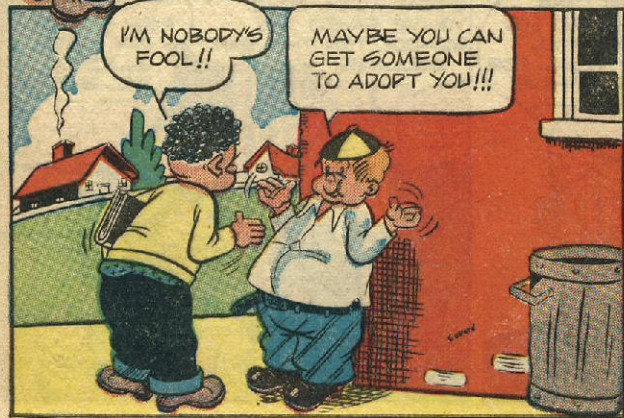
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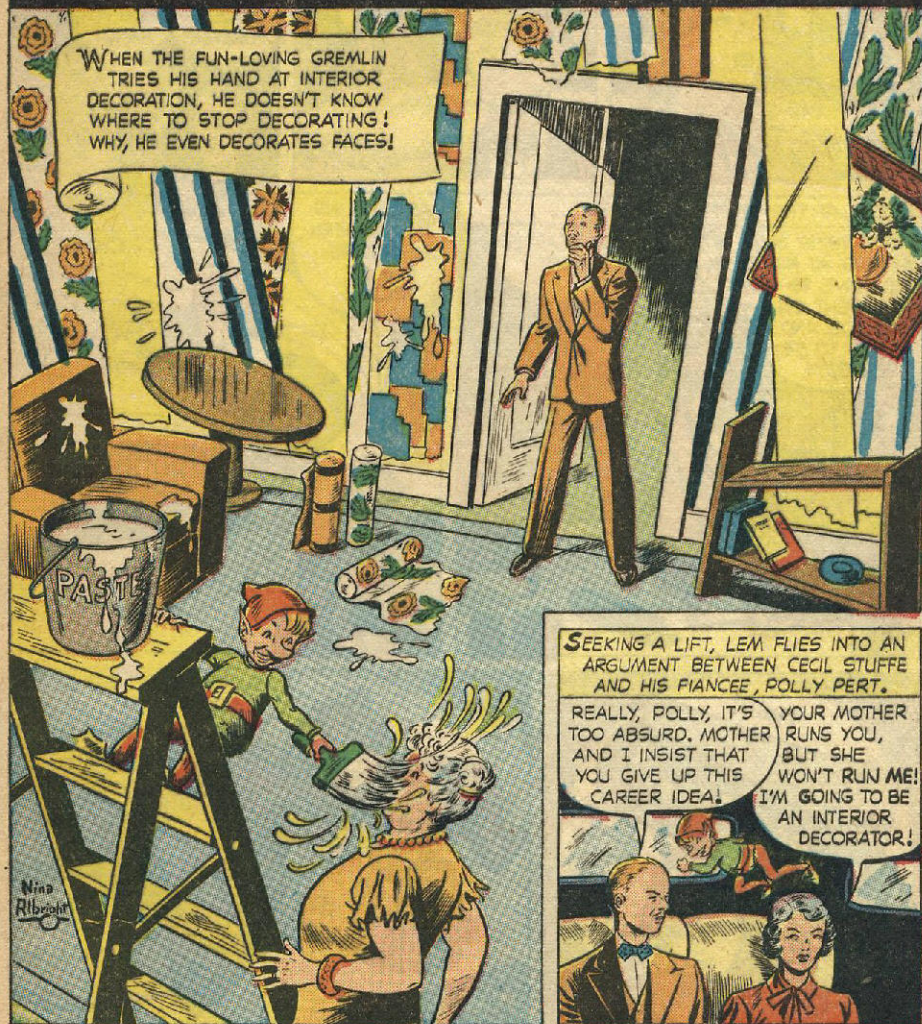
**WESTERN CRAFTSMEN • Dept. 2508, Omaha 1, Nebraska**





# LEM GREEN

WHEN THE FUN-LOVING GREMLIN TRIES HIS HAND AT INTERIOR DECORATION, HE DOESN'T KNOW WHERE TO STOP DECORATING! WHY, HE EVEN DECORATES FACES!





IF YOU WON'T LEND ME THE MONEY TO START A SHOP I'LL GET IT SOME PLACE ELSE!

ATTAGIRL! I LIKE FIGHTIN' SPIRIT!

VERY WELL, POLLY. YOU MAY RE-DO THE STUFFE APARTMENT! IF MOTHER APPROVES YOUR WORK, I'LL BACK YOU!

MOTHER RETURNS TO TOWN TOMORROW. YOU'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST- AND IF SHE DOESN'T LIKE THE JOB, YOU MUST FORGET YOUR CAREER FOREVER!

I'LL TRY HARD TO MAKE GOOD!

AND LEMUEL GREMLIN, ESQUIRE, WILL GIVE YOU A HAND!

LATER, AT THE STUFFE APARTMENT...

GOOD THING CECIL IS STAYING AT HIS CLUB. I'LL HAVE TO WORK ALL NIGHT ON THIS JOB. AND IT HAS TO BE PERFECT!

LET'S GET STARTED HERE! I WANT ACTION!

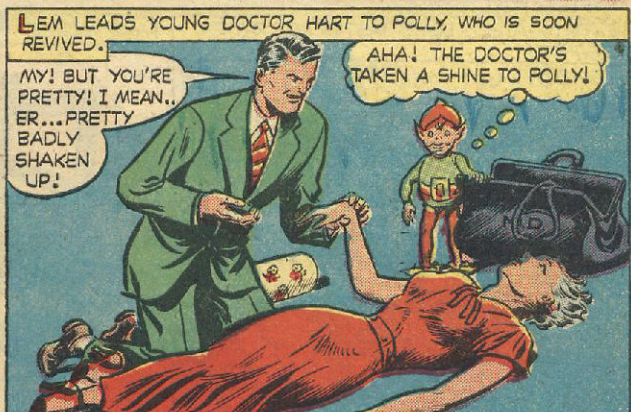
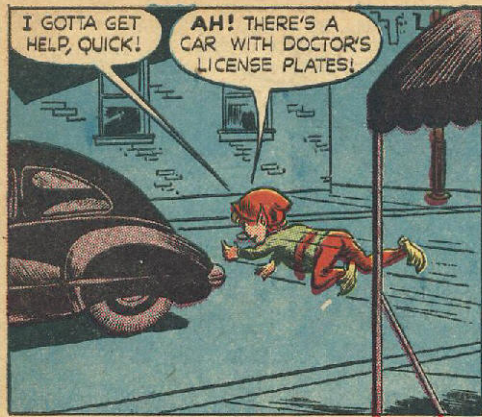
ASSEMBLING THIS MODERN FURNITURE MAY BE TRICKY!

OOOPS!

THUD!

GULP! POLLY! SAY SOMETHING!







I KNOW! I'LL DECORATE THE JOINT MYSELF! NOTHING LIKE A GREMLIN'S TOUCH TO BRIGHTEN UP A HOME!



MRS. STUFFE WILL BE AMAZED WHEN SHE SEES MY WORK TOMORROW!

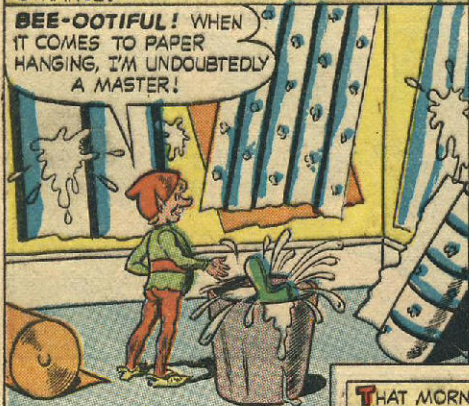


ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT, LEM WORKS BUSILY, SLAPPING UP WALLPAPER, ASSEMBLING FURNITURE.



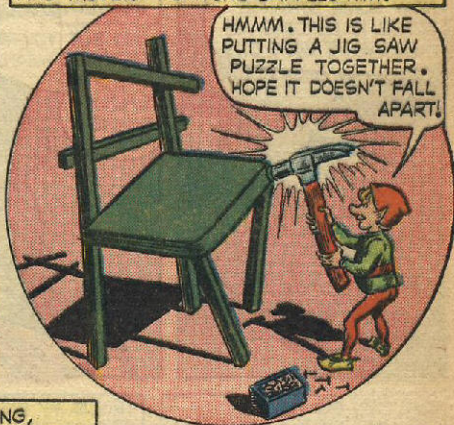
UNFORTUNATELY, LEM'S TASTES ARE RATHER STRANGE!

BEE-OOTIFUL! WHEN IT COMES TO PAPER HANGING, I'M UNDOUBTEDLY A MASTER!



AND MODERN FUNITURE Baffles HIM!

HMMM. THIS IS LIKE PUTTING A JIG SAW PUZZLE TOGETHER. HOPE IT DOESN'T FALL APART!



FINALLY...

HO HUM! EVERYTHING'S FINISHED! I'LL GET SOME SHUT-EYE NOW, UNTIL MRS. STUFFE SHOWS UP!



THAT MORNING, POLLY PERT SLIPS OUT OF THE HOSPITAL.

I MUST GET TO THE STUFFE APARTMENT! PERHAPS I CAN FIX IT UP AT LEAST A LITTLE!



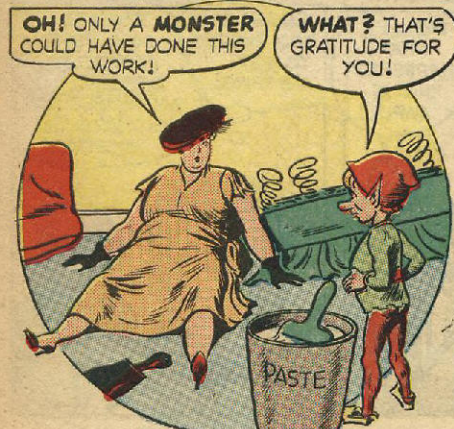
HOWEVER, MRS. STUFFE ARRIVES FIRST.

EEEEEEEEEECK! YIPE!

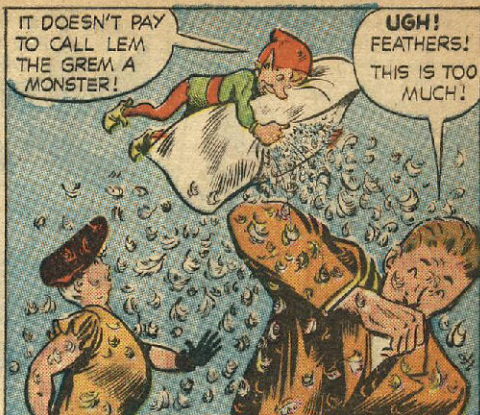
WHAT'S THAT? CAN'T A GUY GET A LITTLE SLEEP AROUND HERE?



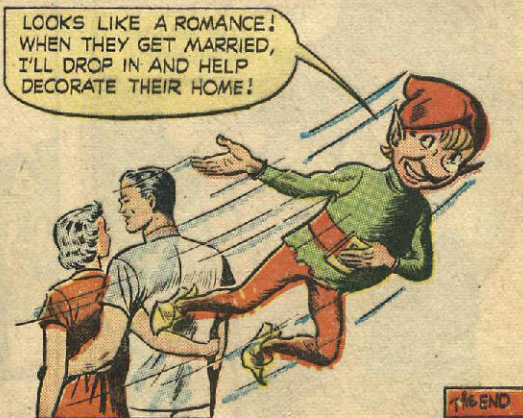
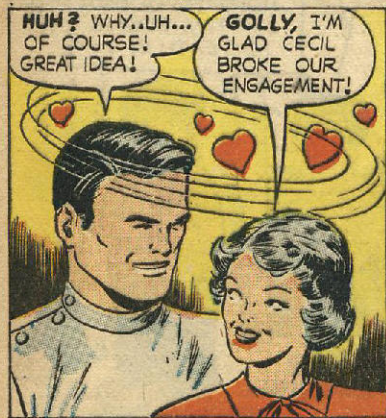








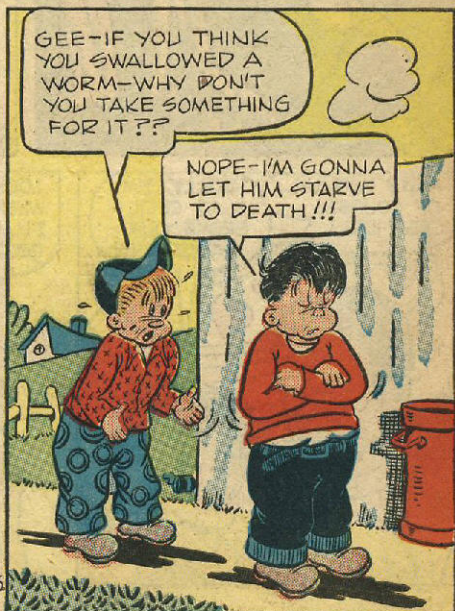
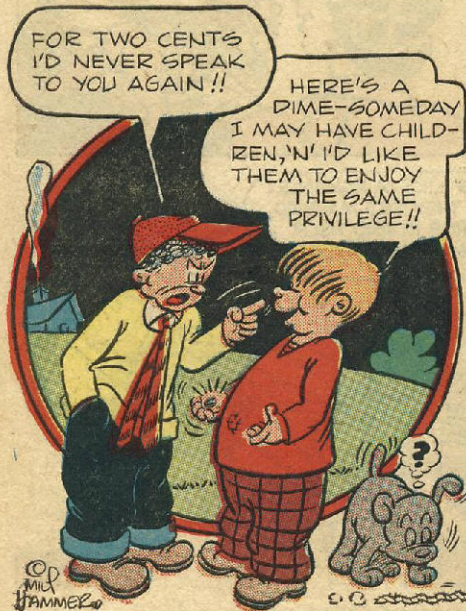
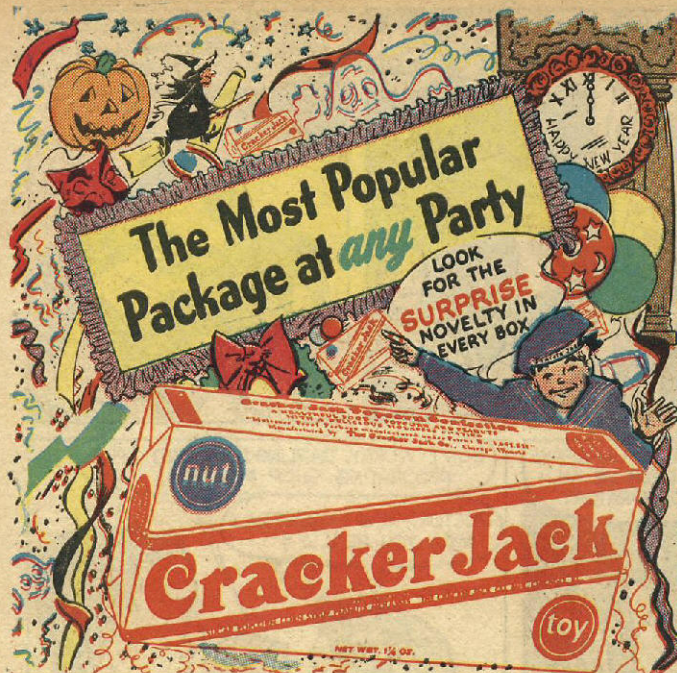




THE END

Dick Cole is now in a book of his own entitled "DICK COLE" on sale at the newsstands.







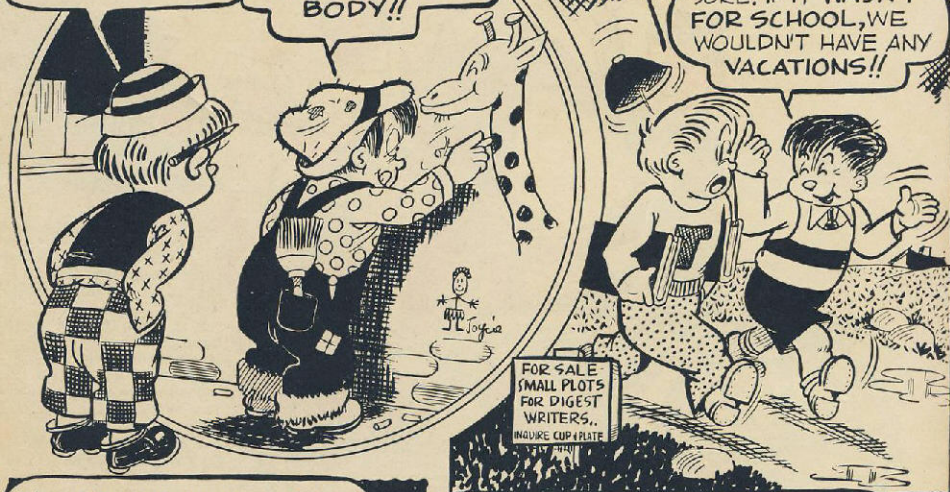
# 4 MOST FUN

I WONDER WHY A GIRAFFE HAS SUCH A LONG NECK?

MAYBE IT'S 'CAUSE HIS HEAD IS SO FAR FROM HIS BODY!!

WHAT? YOU LIKE SCHOOL, HUH?

SURE! IF IT WASN'T FOR SCHOOL, WE WOULDN'T HAVE ANY VACATIONS!!



WHY DO YOU ALWAYS CALL ME FLO? THAT ISN'T MY NAME!!

I KNOW - BUT YOU ALWAYS TALK IN A STEADY STREAM!!

WHAT D'YA MEAN THE NOISE OF YOUR MATTRESS KEEPS YOU AWAKE AT NIGHT??

THAT'S RIGHT! THE TICKING IN IT IS SOMETHING AWFUL!!



JOE HAMMER



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